

COMPOSITION

When I was five years old, my family and I lived in the country, in La Coruña. I still remember a horrible nightmare that I had. It started in this way:

One day, my mum and I thought that we could go to the lake for a walk. I was very happy because my dog, Pancho, came with us. We took a swimming suit, a bikini, and we went there.

When we arrived there, my mother decided to go for a swim, I went to the country to catch some flowers because they were very beautiful; and Pancho went with me.

We were there five hours, but there happened something:

When I turned, my mother wasn't swimming in the lake. I could see her in the lake. She was sinking because a plant caught her. I couldn't help her because I couldn't swim. I was crying when two men kidnapped me.

They were very tall and they had long hair. They were strong and they were poor because their car was very old. They didn't speak my language and I had to spell my name.

When they took me, they carried me to a house out of the city; very, very fast. I thought that it was a haunted house because it was very big. When I saw it, I was afraid!

In the house lived an old woman, the kidnappers' mother. The first day, I slept all time because I was very tired. I still didn't think that my mother died, but when I thought it, I began to cry.

The kidnappers only wanted money. They didn't want to do me nothing. In the third day, they telephoned to my father for tell him that they had something that he loved very much, it was I. But my father wasn't at home, in other words, I was with the kidnappers a long time.

In my nightmare I saw that Pancho helped me to run away. I could arrive to the police, and a nice policeman helped me. He asked me a lot of questions about my adventure.

Now, I still see the kidnappers, the old woman and the horrible house in all my dreams. But I don't only see them in my dreams; I can see them in the street and in my bedroom too.

For me, Pancho is my hero and my best friend.

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